Unintended Recipients

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Unintended Recipients

by MundyBundy

Summary

Hannibal regifts a present from a client for Will. But a mysterious substance in the box is causing Will some unusual symptoms.

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A good old fashioned sex pollen fic. Updating with next/last chapter by 9/1

Chapter 1

Hannibal, despite all of his dramatic flare, wasn't usually one to outwardly express his emotions. He would much rather keep them bottled up tight, exposing only carefully crafted glimpses of himself to those closest to him.

He claims to do this for practical reasons, both due to his profession as well as his less than savory hobbies. (Although in his opinion, his hobbies were extremely savory) However, it was more likely just a defense mechanism to protect himself from being hurt, developed after years of trauma and heartbreak.
So when he did have his little outbursts of emotion, they were rare, and reserved for extreme situations.
Upon seeing a small black box with a blood red heart carved on its lid set lovingly on his desk, Hannibal rolled his eyes and groaned loudly, shocking even himself. Thankfully, no one had been around for that one.

He placed the offending item in his desk drawer and paid the box no additional mind as he went through the motions of his day, taking several patients, doing some sketching, texting Will to make dinner plans.

Hannibal was still unsure at this junction whether he wanted to have Will over for dinner or if he wanted to have him for dinner, but he enjoyed his company nonetheless. Will was smart, fearless, and just a touch bitchy, which Hannibal found charming. It was too bad the man wreaked of heteronormativity and internalized homophobia, Hannibal sighed.
At the end of the day his last patient was the one he least looked forward to. Franklin.

His office, which had been quiet and serene for most of the day, was suddenly filled with Franklin's grating voice and labored breathing. He constantly fidgeted, looking more nervous than usual. His eyes were glued to Hannibal, searching for something while he attempted small talk. Like a fat worm trying to find loose soil in order to penetrate the earth.
"Franklin, is there something bothering you? You seem agitated," Hannibal notes, interrupting his story about the previous weekend's wine tasting. Franklin jumps, clammy palms coming together.

"Me? Ah, no more than usual," He tries joking, but Hannibal does not laugh with him. He lets the awkwardness sit there, unperturbed until Franklin clears his throat. "Did you ah- did you receive my gift?"

Oh, so that's what this was about. Hannibal allows another sigh to escape, this one performative so Franklin could understand just how unamused it had left him.
"Yes, I received the gift. However-"

"Did you open it?" He interrupts. Hannibal despises the man.

"Yes," He lies, and Franklin's expression changes. Anxiety softens into relief. "As I was saying, I received your gift, however I would like to reiterate the strict guidelines for doctor-patient relationships I have outlined to you numerous times before. Franklin, it is

inappropriate and I will not entertain these fantasies. I am your doctor, not your friend, and certainly nothing more,"
Franklin looks ruined, as well as deeply confused. He sputters, tries to laugh it off, but Hannibal holds up a hand.

"I am ending today's session, and I will need to reflect on if we will be able to continue your treatment. You have invalidated my trust as your care provider, Franklin. I hope you know how hard it is for me to do this," And with that he stands, capping his pen and returning his notepad to his desk, not sparing Franklin another glance.

"Hannibal-"

"You shall refer to me as Doctor Lecter," He says curtly, thin patience eroding further.

And as if he had a death wish, Franklin takes a step closer to Hannibal, reaching a hand out. The doctor turns to look at him, his eyes like daggers.

"We are done here. Get out Franklin," There's a hint of a snarl to his voice, and by some miracle Franklin seems to finally understand. He turns tail and all but runs from the office, door closing meekly behind him.

Once the man's silver sedan had pulled out of the parking lot Hannibal gathered his things, donned his coat, and retrieved the black gift box from his desk. The very sight of it made him angry, but there was no sense in wasting a gift. He was on his way to Quantico to retrieve Will for dinner, perhaps he could pass it along to Jack or Alana while he was there.

The offending item sat in his car's passenger seat for the drive, ominously staring at him throughout the nearly hour long trek.

Quantico, always bustling with life, paid the doctor no mind as he walked first towards Will's classroom. The prospect of seeing his friend, the weariness he knows will be etched into that boyish face, and the relief at seeing Hannibal. It was almost too good, he needed to temper his reaction, otherwise he may try to gather the man up in his arms upon seeing him. That would do him no favors though, Will was more likely to wriggle away and close himself off than return the affections.

The briefest of knocks announced his entry to the overlarge classroom. Some images were being displayed on the overhead projector, showing blacked out documents alongside a gruesome crime scene. Not one of Hannibal's own though. Other killers' crime scenes did nothing for him, they were distasteful and just… messy.

"Will, I hope you're not burning the candle at both ends," He says, approaching the desk where the man was pouring over the documents. His glasses were slipping down the gentle slope of his nose, he looked exhausted.

"Always. You really didn't have to come all this way Hannibal," He says and looks up from under his bangs with an amused almost smile. Oh, it took Hannibal's breath away.
"Nonsense my boy, you are obviously busy, it is no trouble. Do you still have time for

dinner?" He asks, walking up behind Will and placing his free hand on the man's shoulder. The other was occupied by the box.

"Yeah, but a quick one. No three course meals this time," He says, shooting Hannibal a smirk over his shoulder.

"Hm, well then it could hardly be described as a dinner then," He replies.

"I'd be happy with McDonald's drive through at this point," Will begins packing up his papers, his mood obviously lifted. It filled Hannibal with a satisfied sense of pride to watch the tension leave Will's frame.

"First course could be the chili," Hannibal supposes, purely for argument's sake. He would have to be severely malnourished to consider ingesting any of that.
"Mm, you're thinking of Wendy's. Micky D doesn't have chili," Will laughs. "How about first course of salad,"

"I was unaware they served salads, that would be suitable I suppose. And for a second?" Hannibal sets down the giftbox and helps Will return files to their rightful folders. The boy really needed to improve his organizational skills.

"French fries, of course. Unless you'd prefer chicken nuggets?"

"I don't believe I've ever eaten anything you could classify as a "nugget" before," Hannibal comments, and thinks briefly about purchasing a deep fryer before his next hunt. He would try a nugget for Will, if prepared properly.

"Well then nuggets it is. Spicy, of course. With lots of dipping sauce,"

"Naturally," The two share a smile from either side of the desk and Hannibal feels his chest tighten. How cruel the world was, to keep this man in his life but only at an arm's length. He wanted to spoil him rotten, take him away from all this tedious monotony. Hannibal could picture a life of luxury for them both, with Will tanned and relaxed, no bags under his eyes, no nightmares to haunt him.

He was ready to continue on with their little game, but then WIll's eyes slide to the mysterious black box sitting on his desk, and his eyebrow quirked up in question. Hannibal again sighs, tapping the object on it's lid.

"A gift from an admirer, I'm afraid," He says. Will laughs quietly, watching Hannibal's exasperation.

"An admirer? Do I know them?"

"No, it's a patient of mine. His feelings have always been apparent, but this is getting out of hand now. I'll need to refer him to another psychiatrist," He muses.

"Oh, it's a man?" Will comments, taking the box in his hands and looking it over. He doesn't seem perturbed by the information. "Are you going to give him a shot then? Looks like he went to a lot of trouble with this… whatever it is,"

“Oh goodness no,” Hannibal nearly laughs, but that would be rude, even if Franklin would never find out. “I’m not sure what’s inside, but I would never let a gift influence my opinion of a person, and it is a terrible precedent to start a relationship at any rate.”

“Good point… “ Will traced his fingers over the heart carved into the center of the box. Hannibal knew it was hypocritical, because he wanted to shower Will in gifts. The finest clothes, ambrosial wine, whatever whim he fancied. He couldn’t help himself. “Besides, he’s not my type,” He says, looking Will up and down while his attention was occupied. The way Will was looking at the box, Hannibal didn’t even think before opening his mouth to speak.

“Why don’t you open it? I won’t be keeping it. There’s probably some sweets, or perhaps a piece of jewelry inside,”

Will thought about declining, setting the box down and forgetting it entirely. But the smooth wood under his hands drew him in, making him curious about the contents of the box. He desperately wanted to open it. What could someone possibly think was good enough for the man standing in front of him? No simple watch or piece of chocolate would be good enough for him, and the thought inspired a flare of anger in Will. He needed to rip the top off of the box immediately to see what lie beneath.

“Might as well, before dumping it.” He mumbled, searching Hannibal’s eyes for permission. The older man nodded his consent and pushed it further into Will’s hands.

“From me to you,” He said back. A mote of satisfaction went up Will’s spine and he unlatched the small metal hinge on the front of the box without any further hesitation.

As he lifted the lid, a puff of colored smoke emerged, and Will had to pull away from the box coughing. The sickeningly sweet rose scent stuck to his nostrils and lungs, like someone had sprayed air freshener directly in his face.

“Will!” Hannibal yanks the box from his hands and sets it down, rushing to his side. But as soon as it had appeared, the smoke was gone, leaving no trace aside from Will’s frenzied hacking. “I am so sorry Will, if I had known that would happen I would never have-”

“It’s okay,” Will croaks, taking another moment to compose himself. “It’s not your fault,” Another quick coughing fit. Hannibal seethed, cursing Franklin with every fiber of his being, imagining the ways he would be inflicting this pain back on him tenfold.

Will took a swig from his water bottle and was able to even his breathing, although he was left with a rather handsome flush from all of the coughing.

“Damn, that’s what I get for being nosy, I guess,” He says. Hannibal wastes no time in dumping the box in the trash, wishing instead he could watch it burn. “Let’s get outta here, I’ve had enough surprises for one day,” Will slings his bag over his shoulder and gives a sheepish smile to Hannibal.

“Of course,” They walk together from the room and the whole time Hannibal listens for any signs of wheezing or difficulty breathing, of which thankfully there are none. “Will, what would you like to do then, for dinner? Please, anywhere you’d like, on me,”

Hannibal didn't recognize the sound of his voice, being so subservient to another. He needed to stop this guilt from overtaking his sensibilities. The boy could ask for the world and Hannibal would be bound to deliver. All it would take is one of his easy smiles, and heaven forbid if Will said "Please". Hannibal would be ruined.

"Hm, I dunno, McDonald's did sound pretty good…" Will jokes as they exit into the parking lot. It's dark, and they've reached the juncture where they need to decide who was driving or if they were taking their own cars. So the pair paused and looked at one another, the dim parking lot lights illuminating just enough for Hannibal to see the pretty blush still painting Will's otherwise pale skin. He wanted to taste it.

A beat passed and they continued looking at one another. Will's smile falls.

"Hannibal… " He says, his voice pitching down.

This sudden change in mood has Hannibal's hackles raised, it's so unlike Will. Had he figured him out? Was he going to attack him? The way his eyes looked, half lidded and swimming in thought, Hannibal was sure he'd either kill him or kiss him.

"Is everything alright Will?" He asks. Maybe whatever Will had inhaled had been harmful after all. Should they go to the hospital? Or perhaps just straight to Franklin's house to confront the man and demand to know where he had purchased it.

"What's your favorite restaurant in DC?" He asks, faraway look still present.

"Tonight I'd prefer if you pick our-"

"No, you pick. I'm shit at deciding on restaurants and you know it," He says, and it's the pout that pushes him over the edge.

"At least suggest a type of food, and I can handle the rest," He compromises, and directs them to his car. Will gets into the passenger seat with no complaints.

"Seafood," He says, and as Hannibal starts the engine Will has the absolute audacity to look at him with a playful smile and say "...please."

The drive there wasn't terrible, Will makes for an easy copilot. He keeps the radio an acceptable volume, doesn't fidget excessively, and engages Hannibal in easy conversation about their respective days. However, the older man does begin to notice Will sighing every now and then, and rubbing at his stomach. He guessed the boy was hungrier than he'd let on, perhaps that's why he'd been so short in the parking lot.

"No more skipping meals Will. You had really ought to take better care of yourself," He says with concern.

Will pouts prettily again, and opens his mouth to respond, however his words have Hannibal doing a double take.

"I like it better when you take care of me anyways,"

They both turn pink, and Will clears his throat, sitting up straighter.

“Sorry, I-I didn’t mean it like that,” He says, but Hannibal can only hear his heartbeat in his ears. “I must be more tired than I thought,”

They stay quiet for the remainder of the ride, while Hannibal does his best to immortalize that sound for his mind palace.

They pull into the parking lot of Black Salt, a seafood market and restaurant, and Hannibal puts the awkwardness to bed.

“Shall we?” He asks, and they walk inside. Despite the late hour, the tables are filled and there’s an intoxicating aroma wafting through the air. It’s lovely, lively, and so very romantic.

Hannibal manages to secure them a table for two, and before long they’re sat across from one another. Will is warm, he’s been warm since they entered the building, so he shucks his blazer and unbuttons the top button of his shirt, hoping Hannibal doesn’t think any less of him for it. In reality, Hannibal stares hungrily at the newly exposed skin, dreaming of marking it with his teeth.

“Oysters,” Will says first, for once in his life not checking the prices. “Can we get oysters?”

“Anything you’d like,” He says, perhaps a touch too quickly.

Will regains his faraway look and glances up from his menu to meet Hannibal's eyes. They’re so dark, shining in the candlelight just for him.

“Anything?” He asks, his voice barely cutting through the noise of the dining room, but it stokes a fire in Hannibal's belly he hasn’t felt in years. But did Will even know the sweet torture he was inflicting on him? Was this a cruel new way he was trying to control him? And above all, did Hannibal even care?

“Absolutely anything,” He replies, watching Will’s nose flare with a sharp intake of breath.

Thankfully, their server arrived then, breaking the spell. Will sat back in his seat, listening to all the specials and suggestions the waiter had, but his eyes kept wandering back to Hannibal, burning with an emotion Hannibal wasn’t brave enough to name.

“We’ll start with oysters,” He says for both of them. “For drinks, I will take a glass of riesling and he will take a double whiskey, on the rocks,”

It was dangerous, stepping up like this. He might hate it, but if Will’s unusual attitude that evening had been anything to go by, he might really like it too.

“Fantastic selections. And for your mains?” The server looked to Hannibal for guidance, but the man tilted his head towards Will with a smile.

“I’ll have the wood grilled bronzino. And for him… “ He pauses, catching his eyes again. Hannibal was aware of how uncomfortably flushed he had become in such a short amount of time, and from nothing but heated glances. “He’ll have the black cod in lobster sauce,”

The server went away as quickly as he had arrived, and left the pair without menus to use as a buffer for the charged atmosphere. Will cleared his throat and stood, mumbling something about needing the restroom before disappearing to the other end of the restaurant.

Hannibal allowed himself a deep sigh to regain his composure. This boy was going to be his downfall. He needed to reign in his desire before Will came to his senses and left, never to return. Perhaps he should have brought them to McDonald's after all, a far less romantic environment.

In the restroom, Will rushed into a stall, whipping it shut with unnecessary force and pacing the small space back and forth. What was wrong with him? He couldn't focus, he was so hot he wanted to strip down to his boxers where he stood. But the worst part of his affliction was the arching erection that had been half present since they got to the restaurant. He tried focusing his thoughts on his dogs, on fishing, even on work and the case files he'd been looking over just before Hannibal arrived but to no avail.
However at the very idea of the older man, Will's stomach tightened and another wave of arousal flooded his body.

"What the fuck," He groaned, and pressed the heel of his hand into his crotch, gasping. Before that day, he hadn't given more than a passing thought to Hannibal's suave and caring demeanor.

Sure, it felt nice to be cared for, doted on. Anyone would enjoy being taken to fancy restaurants and sipping on expensive wine with an intelligent, funny, sexy older man.

Wait, sexy? Will pulled at his hair, willing the unusual thoughts out of his mind. He had never considered another man to be anything other than good-looking at best.

After a few calming breaths, Will sat down on the toilet seat and tried a small experiment.

He tried thinking of a woman, any woman. He settled on Alana. He imagined her naked, looking up at him while sucking his cock. Full breasts with delicate pink nipples hard with arousal. It was certainly a nice vision, if he pushed the guilt of imagining such a lurid scene away.

For the second part of his test, he took a shaky breath and closed his eyes, letting himself think about Hannibal. A twist of excitement in his gut at the very idea of him had Will nervous for the next part.

With no prior experience fantasizing about men, Will just pictured him the way he last saw him, at their dining table, eyes dark, gazing deeply into Will. It was like every detail was tattooed on the inside of his eyelids. The broad shoulders, the perfectly tailored suit that hid his body from view. Will let out a shaky breath and continued, determined not to touch his cock.

He imagined Hannibal's sharp jaw, the small amount of end of day stubble that had collected there, he immediately wondered how that would feel against his skin. Perhaps against his lips, and it would prickle and burn as they kissed. Or maybe against his neck, while Hannibal took his time in marking Will up.

He sat there, his brow furrowed in concentration, aching for relief. But Will kept going, imagining the way it might feel to have that devilish mouth trailing along his inner thighs, leaving hot kisses but never touching his need as he teased Will. Would his stubble leave Will's skin red and raw? Why did that idea excite him so?

Will whimpered, so lost to his fantasy that he gave in and began frantically rubbing himself through his pants. When he opens his eyes he pulls his hands away like they were burned.

"Shit, shit shit," He curses to himself, wondering how long it's been since he left the table. No matter how hard he tried, he couldn't will himself to calm down. Another wave of that unusual arousal rolled through him and had him doubling over, so turned on it was near painful.

"Oh goddamn it-" He bites his lip hard and decides to do something about it. It's almost comical the way his cock springs to attention once he gives in and undoes his pants. Will spits into his palm and stands facing the toilet, shamelessly stroking himself with abandon. He hasn't felt this desperate for it since he was a teenager.

In an embarrassingly short amount of time, Will is coming, careful not to get his spend anywhere on him. He needs to cover his mouth to stop the punched out sounds of pleasure from echoing in the small bathroom.

At the mirror while he washes his hands and feels shame rise in his throat, he notices how flushed he looks, and how wide the pupils are staring back at him. With the fog of arousal lifted, he wonders if he should abandon this dinner and get a cab home. Obviously he had a lot of hard thinking to be doing after his little experiment. But Hannibal didn't deserve that. He didn't deserve to have his friend lusting over him like a horny teenager out of the blue and walk out on their dinner plans. Hannibal might never speak to him again.

Returning to the table with a renewed determination, he sat opposite Hannibal, glad to see their drinks had arrived. If he was avoiding eye contact well, who's to say?

"Ah, there you are. I was worried you'd made a run for it," He jokes easily. Will appears somewhat more composed, if not a little reserved. "Shall we?" Hannibal asks, lifting his glass for a cheers.

As he raises his own glass and looks up to meet Hannibal's eyes, a now familiar twinge of arousal settles in his gut once again.
The burn of the liquor was a sweet but brief relief from the churning embarrassment in his gut and the sharp fear at his libido rearing it's head for a second time that night.

Again he felt the urge to abandon the dinner, he could excuse himself to a stomach upset and go straight to his house. But Hannibal drove him, and he would insist on getting him home safe. He was annoyingly kind like that.

Before Will could open his mouth to mention his phantom stomach ache, the waiter arrived with a large tray of oysters on a bed of crushed ice. Several hot sauces and plump slices of lemon sat in a dish to the side of their meal, and Will could feel himself salivate. He hadn't had good oysters in ages. Maybe he could leave after appetizers…

Hannibal thanked the waiter and gracefully selected his oyster, giving it a dash of salt and lemon before bringing the shell to his lips.

Oh no. Will watched Hannibal shoot back the oyster and was all of the sudden reminded of the old saying that oysters are aphrodisiacs. He believes it, watching Hannibal take the creature into his mouth and swallow it down easily. In Will's mind, he wished for Hannibal to lick his lips so that he could catch a glimpse of that tongue again.

The hungry look in Will's eyes drove Hannibal mad, and he was unsure if he could make it through the whole dinner if he continued on with these enraptured looks.

"Delicious," He says, placing the shell down and going for another sip of his wine. Will seems to be roused from his thoughts and clears his throat softly before reaching for one of his own.

They went back and forth, exchanging few words aside from praise for the quality of the shellfish. Both men were enraptured with one another, which only further drove Will crazy. He felt himself swell again in his jeans, and nearly whined at the small amount of friction it provided him. Hannibal, always observant, raised an eyebrow at him.

"I knew you liked seafood Will, but I had no idea to what extent," He jokes, and Will forces out a laugh, shaking his head. That lovely blush makes a return and Will drops his last shell back on the plate.

"Was that a sex joke doctor?" Will jabs back, careful not to move in a way that might reveal his predicament. "I thought that was beneath you,"

Growing bold with the flirtatious tone of their conversation, Hannibal cannot help himself and toes the boundary between them.

"I enjoy engaging with that which is beneath me on occasion."

Will swallows down a breath and urges away the images of Hannibal above him.

"Oh? And what occasion might tonight be then?" As soon as the words left his mouth Will wished he could pull them back. It was too much, it was outrageously forward, it was driving him crazy.

Hannibal wasn't sure what to make of this. Will looked flustered, but unlike a usual flustered Will, instead of shutting down and running off, he was engaging. Not only that, he was an active player in their dangerous back and forth. While he took a long draw from his glass, Hannibal considered how to answer. The occasion? That was easy for him, Will's generosity in his attention, the smoldering looks over his glass. It was sublime enough to mark in his calendar and celebrate yearly.

"The occasion is always our time spent together," He says, meaning every word of it. Will's stomach clenches and he has to take a deep, sharp breath to calm himself. Hannibal's expression switches to one of concern immediately.

“Will? Are you alright?” He asks, and Will nods, taking a swig of his water. A busboy clears their table but Will keeps his head lowered, refusing to meet Hannibal’s eye. After a moment, the doctor wonders if he severely misunderstood the signals.

“I apologize, I didn’t mean to make you uncomfortable. If it was something I said-” Hannibal begins to apologize, but Will bites out a sardonic laugh.

“It’s everything you say!” He says a bit louder than he had intended. “Sorry, sorry. It’s not you, it-it’s me,” He says pathetically, running his hands down his face.

“Will- you are going to need to tell me what is going on in that head of yours. Despite what you may think I do not read minds,”

Will bites his lip. Something was wrong with him. The concerned, almost hurt look on Hannibal’s face was pulling at his heart in a way that he was wholly unfamiliar with.

“Hannibal… I just- I don’t feel well,” He tries. But that backfires immediately of course.

“What’s wrong? Is it gastric distress? The oysters tasted fresh but-”

“It’s not the oysters…” Will wanted to shrivel up and die. “I think it was whatever was in that present,” Hannibal looks horrified.

“What do you mean? Please tell me what’s wrong Will, this could be very serious,” He reaches over and places his hand atop Will’s, but Will wrenches his hand away.

“Don’t- I-” He cradles his hand against his chest like it was burned. “Hannibal…” He couldn’t get up, he was so aroused he was sure everyone would know. Will looks around quickly before leaning in slightly, looking anywhere but at his face.

“Hannibal. I think whatever was in that box is.. Is making me really really horny,” He says barely above a whisper.

Hannibal blinks. Of all the things that could have come out of his mouth, that was not what he had been expecting. At his silence, Will groans.

“I just, since we were in the car I can’t stop… thinking about sex. And everything feels so… intense,” Will looks pained as he says it.

“You think… the gift you opened, might have contained an aphrodisiac of some kind?” Will nods at that.

“And what has been triggering these longings?” Hannibal asks cruelly. After a beat, Will raises his gaze to meet the other man.

“I can’t stop thinking about you… fucking me,”

At that moment, two large plates were presented to them.

“Good evening gentleman! Who ordered the cod?”

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Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

> Sorry it's a bit late - but here you are! And there will be an epilogue scene as well I'll upload at some point. Franklin needs his consequences for such a devilish trick (or perhaps a thank you?) Thanks for reading!

Hannibal very rarely is rendered speechless. And even fewer are the times he enjoyed the experience. But as Will Graham is one to do, with just a few words he has spun the world on its axis and ground Hannibal's train of thought to a fiery stop.

"The cod, sirs?" The waiter tries again, and rather than giving him a verbal response, Hannibal pulls the plate to his side of the table and the other dish is set in front of Will with a simple "Enjoy your meals!" before he scampered off to return to work.

Will swallows down his shame and sets his jaw, staring at Hannibal as if he were starving. Neither man had much of an appetite for cod any longer.
"Will, I-" Hannibal flexes his hands to try and will his body into cooperation. Arousal stirs in him and there is little he can do to abate the feeling. The mental image of himself fucking Will to his utter and complete satisfaction was just too strong. He has dreamed of those long legs for months, never letting himself hope for a second he would be presented with such an opportunity, one straight out of a romance novel.

But if what Will says is true, then his reasoning for the desire is insincere, coerced. Hannibal would never take such an improperly obtained gift. And as if he could read his mind, Will leans forward over the table and with all the conviction he could muster, he speaks plainly.

"Hannibal, unless you have some kind of magic elixir to stop this hidden in your pocket, I can only see two courses of action,"

Will's temples were beginning to grow slick with sweat, glistening with the flickering candlelight. He is red-faced, looking ashamed and miserable and so needy.
"One. You can leave my sight, I'll call a cab, and we can hope it goes away," He takes a shuddering breath, and that conviction wavers as he shifts his eyes away.
"Or two… you can take me back to your house and fuck me until it stops."

Hannibal felt as if he were being tortured. He had finally died and gone to hell and this was his sweet punishment. What kind of a gift was this? He needed to call Franklin right away, and find out what on earth had been in that present. The matter of how to punish that odious man would come later.

"I need an answer Hannibal," Will hisses, his fists balled on the white linen. He looks pained.

“Well. As your… doctor, I would find it irresponsible to leave you alone in such a state. But Will, are you sure you want-”

“Yes. Yes I’m sure. I feel like I’m burning from the inside out every time I look at you.” He lets out another restrained breath. “I’m sorry. I know this is … crazy, and inappropriate and it makes no sense. If… if you do it, I promise I’ll pretend nothing ever happened, we can go back to normal after. Or if you don’t want to see me ever again, I get that too. Just… please,”

That makes Hannibal’s heart ache. He didn’t know what was worse, Will thinking he wouldn’t want to spend the night making love to him, or having to pretend it never happened afterwards. But he was never one to look a gift horse in the mouth, and Will appeared to be struggling to control his breathing, flushed beautifully just waiting to be taken apart. It made Hannibal’s mouth water.
Sitting up straight, Hannibal flags down the closest waiter and asks for the check. Will watches him anxiously, unsure what the next moments will hold for him.

“Let’s go home, Will. I promise I will take very good care of you my boy,”

The words are as relieving as they are teasing, and Will can’t help a whine that slips out with his held breath. Hannibal catches this and his nose flares with an emotion Will can’t pin down. Was he disgusted? Resigned? Or was he perhaps as eager to leave this restaurant as Will is?

However, the prospect of what is about to happen suddenly weighs on Will and a nest of uneasiness settles in his gut along with the unending arousal. He knew the mechanics, but had never even thought about doing something like this. Not even in his youth had he experimented with men and the foreign sensation of desire felt so impure and just so tantalizing.
They exit the restaurant together, ignoring the questioning looks from the maitre de at two full plates left untouched. The tension between the two is thick, and they say nothing more to each other as they leave.

Outside, the parking lot is deserted, and as they approach the car Will’s relief turns to tenacity as he walks up behind Hannibal and physically wrenches him around, pushing him up against the car roughly. Hannibal could so easily escape the grip but instead melts into it like he’d been waiting for this moment his whole life. Will crushes their mouths together with a clash of teeth that has him nearly gasping. It’s so good, so indulgent, and better than he ever imagined. For the first time in what seems like hours the white hot arousal that had been clawing its way through his body is quelled to a simmer. Despite a close shave Hannibal’s stubble razes his lips and it only further drives him mad.

Will can’t help himself, his hands are greedy and grab at anything he can reach. The broad chest beneath his fancy suit jacket, a muscular thigh beneath fine tweed, Will wants to drown in him. All of the stunted feelings come rushing forth at once and it’s having a visible effect on him. Hannibal, not one to be a passive partner, brings a hand up to WIll’s face and cups his jaw, pressing his thumb in to open Will’s mouth. Hannibal licks his way into Will’s mouth and they’re both moaning into one another. Will realizes this numbly but is too preoccupied by Hannibal’s tongue behind his teeth to make a coherent thought.

The few inches between them in height leads to frustration on Will's part as he tries to grind into Hannibal but only succeeds in pressing his clothed erection into his thigh. It's shameless, but Will can't help himself. He is desperate for it.

Hannibal, as much as he was enjoying their coupling, had greater plans in mind than dry humping in a parking lot. With great effort he withdrew and pushed Will back, earning himself a very cute pout. Will's lips were already puffy and slick in the dim light of the street lights, and Hannibal only wished he could commit this scene to memory.
"Patience Will, we'll have more than enough time," Hannibal runs a hand through his hair in an attempt to fix Will's handiwork. "Shall we?" He asks, and opens the door he had been pressed against for his companion.

Hannibal takes several steadying breaths as he walks around the car to the driver's seat. This was far more than he had expected. He had assumed Will would be more coy, less aggressive in his attentions. But this seemed to be the gift that kept on giving, and he now knew he would be able to go exactly as hard and fast as he had dreamed with his precious boy.
Their usual banter and back-and-forth was replaced by heated glances as Hannibal sped his way home. Wishing he had picked a closer restaurant, the older man could barely keep his eyes on the road.

Will clenches the armrests and tries to think of anything other than how hard he is and how badly he wants to suck on Hannibal's throat, but it isn't successful and his companion notices almost immediately.

"Oh you poor thing," Hannibal sighs. "Do not hold back on my account, do whatever you need," He tries suggesting, starting to feel just as desperate himself.

"Hannibal…" Will breathes, head falling back on the headrest. "I can't," He whines.

"Yes you can. Go on darling. I'm right here. Touch yourself for me," Hannibal pushes, sounding breathless. The pet name makes him compliant, and Will is unable to resist the urge to palm himself, whimpering at the pressure.

"That's it, what a good boy you are for me,"

The excitement drives Will to action and insanity, and he begins to speak before he can stop himself.

"When I went to the bathroom earlier, I just couldn't stand how fucking horny you were making me. H-Hah, Hannibal I jerked off in the bathroom thinking about you," He admits, finding pleasure in the burn of shame.

Hannibal's throat is dry, he wants to pull off the road and swallow down Will's cock immediately, but instead he waits and attempts to compose himself in the wake of such a confession.
"What did you think about? Tell me." He commands.

"Just you- your face, y-your body. I thought about you blowing me, how good it would feel. You would feel so fucking g-good ahh," Will's toes curl and he unbuttons his pants, now far

too tight.
“Yes, yes Will,” Hannibal has to turn off the exit, glad his hands are on the wheel or else they might start to shake. “What do you want from me? What do I need to give you?”

“Anything! I want anything, just need you to touch me. Just you,” Hannibal’s home was just moments away, and as the streetlights passed he caught glimpses of the wet spot Will was making in his boxers.

“We’re nearly home Will, and then I will have you. All of that and more my perfect boy,”

All of this attention, the pet names, it confounds WIll and makes his heart leap out of his chest. He catches sight of Hannibal’s home down the road and begrudgingly does up his trousers again, breathing heavily.

In the driveway, out of the car, and up to the house. The pair are nearly running, itching to get their hands on each other. As soon as the door closes behind them they are on each other, but this time Hannibal drives Will back against the wall. He has one hand in his hair and the other grabbing at Will’s ass.

“Oh Will,” He pulls Will’s head to the side and latches onto his neck, sucking and biting as the skin there. Will responds enthusiastically, moaning into the air and trying his bes to divest Hannibal of his belt.

Taking the hint, Hannibal pulls back only long enough to grab the front of Will’s shirt and rip the garment in half, buttons scattering to the floor. Through the haze of arousal Will huffs a laugh at the theatrics so typical of the doctor, but his amusement is short-lived as Hannibal lifts him up as if he weighs nothing. Will wraps his legs around his waist and gets back to it, kissing him with wanton abandon.

Their tongues caress one another, and with each delicious slide Hannibal ruts up against Will pulling noises from him he never knew he could make.

When the heady pressure becomes too great, Hannibal removes them from the entryway hall and walks Will upstairs to his bedroom, a place the agent had never seen before. He can’t get a good look around before Hannibal throws him down to the bed. The tie hits the floor first, then his suit jacket and shirt, and Will is positive the man has never once in his life been so careless with his belongings.

In the small amount of light filtering from the windows Will catches sight of Hannibal’s toned chest and arms. He wants to trace the veins of his forearms with his tongue and bury his nose in the fine chest hair, but he doesn’t get the chance before the doctor is on him once again, leaving a trail of hot open-mouthed kisses down his torso.

“If I didn’t know any better, I’d say you want this as bad as I do,” Will groans as Hannibal pinches one of his nipples. The man smiles above him before undoing his pants with one deft hand.
“You’re such a clever boy Will,” Finally he gets his hand around Will’s cock, and Will makes a sound like he’s been punched. His grip is firm and he holds him so well, like he was made for it even through the thin barrier of fabric.

Desperate to feel more of him, Hannibal takes a moment to roughly pull down his pants and boxers, leaving Will just in a pair of white socks- quite a good look for him if Hannibal was asked.
Will was lovely from head to toe, his lithe body just begged to be marked up with strong, long legs and creamy pale skin. But his cock was absolutely perfect, hard and curved up towards his stomach, the head shiny and wet.

A brief wave of insecurity washes over Will, but it is just as quickly washed away by pure delight as Hannibal takes his prick in hand and licks a long stripe up the side.
“Fuck!” Will’s hips lift from the bed but a large hand comes to push them back down.

They lock eyes and Hannibal opens his mouth to take Will’s cock in. Will gasps, the sight alone enough to drive him mad, but that combined with the dreamy sensation of his slick mouth was perfection.

“Shit, yeah- H-Hannibal!” He shouts. The call of his name has Hannibal eager to please, and he bobs his head experimentally a few times before taking Will down to the root, nuzzling his nose into the soft pubic hair at its base.

He tastes divine, and Hannibal only wishes he could do this daily. Waking Will up with a hot mouth on his prick and making him see stars.

The sound is absolutely lurid in the room, and Hannibal finds no shame in it. A hand is now buried in his hair, trying to be gentle while pulling and pushing him down his cock. Hannibal redoubles his efforts and Will is shaking. Gasping and moaning fills the air and Hannibal can tell he’s getting close. But in a moment of selfishness he pulls off and busies himself sucking a bruise onto Will’s thigh, pulling a sound of frustrated desperation from him.

“Will,” Hannibal speaks, his voice deep and hoarse in a way that has Will twitching. “I’m going to open you up now. And then I’m going to fuck you,”

If there was any protest in him, it died at those words. Hannibal sucks on his own fingers for a moment, slicking them well enough and pulling one of Will’s thighs up over his shoulder. He brings his fingers down to Will’s entrance and spreads his spit over the tight hole before pressing one in experimentally.

“Relax Will, I need you to relax darling,” he pants out.

The sensation is odd, but in the same way the whole situation was turning out to be wonderfully strange. It makes his stomach clench but it also had him writhing on the sheets. Hannibal’s finger probed further inside, and the idea of that being replaced by something much larger has him whining again.

“My Will, you are so lovely,” Hannibal compliments as he stretches him, Will relishes the attention, the burning desire that had been stirring in him all night now alight with intention. It is as if every nerve ending in his body was firing at once, just at his touch.

“Please,” Will moans, unsure of what he was asking for. “Please Hannibal,”

“Just a moment longer you precious thing,” He soothes, and pulls back enough to add a second finger, scissoring back inside. The added pressure was just enough to burn, and Will is shocked to find that his erection hasn’t flagged at all, in fact he was already leaking steadily against his stomach.

Hannibal crooks his fingers and watches Will closely, relishing his reactions. The leg that wasn’t slung over his shoulder had spread wantonly out, leaving the special agent looking desperate for his cock.

At a press against his prostate Will shouts and nearly punches the pillow beside his head.

“Ah! That- oh, more, I want more,” He whimpers.

Hannibal fucks him with his fingers for a few more precious moments until he can wait no longer and withdraws to a pathetic and breathy noise from Will.

Hannibal moves only long enough to retrieve a bottle of lubricant from his nightstand. If it were any longer he knew Will would be complaining and clambering for him. As much as he’d like to take his time, lavish Will with attention and watch his hole twitch and beg to be filled, he knows Will is in need, and he himself is not far off.

He quickly drops his pants to join the rest of his suit and wastes no time in slicking up his cock. Will watches him do so, eyes locked onto the sight of him.

Hannibal pulls Will to the edge of the bed and uses one hand to open his firm asscheeks and the other to guide his nearly dripping member to his entrance.

“Are you ready Will?” He has the strength to ask, teasing his entrance with the blunt head of his cock.

“Yes! Yes come on just fuck me!” He whines, wriggling against him. Will couldn’t recall ever being this desperate, he felt like he was about to explode.

If there was ever to be a repeat performance Hannibal would reprimand this bratty behavior from his boy, but considering the circumstances he acquiesced and pushed forward past any resistance and buried himself into the welcoming heat.

“Oh!” Will almost sits up, shocked by the intrusion. Hannibal has to hold him down by his hips, steadying them both. He is heaven, smooth and soft and so hot inside. Will feels designed for this, made to be fucked by Hannibal. Unable to resist, he pulls out an inch and gives an experimental thrust, his jaw dropping open in a pant.

“H-Hah! That’s- it’s so much! I-I can’t-“ Will whimpers, slinging an arm across his eyes to hide from the stars.

“Yes you can darling, yes you can. Just breathe Will,” he murmurs. Hannibal leans forward and removes the arm, needing to see his face and capture his lips again in a kiss. He needs to taste him again, prove this was really happening.

After several beats, Will is able to breathe again, and he is nodding and starting to kiss him enthusiastically once more.

“I’m- it’s okay, you can-“ Will barley needs to say the words and Hannibal is starting to fuck him.

“Will you feel sublime, oh my darling boy how long… I’ve dreamed of this,” he grunts and gives a particularly deep thrust.

“Oh! Oh, again!” He shouts, and Hannibal begins to pummel his prostate, reveling in the way Will tightens around him.

“Shit- I’m already so close Hannibal, it-it feels so good! Fuck, I can’t-“

Hannibal is half relieved, his own release impending much sooner than he had hoped. Between the physical sensations and the pure joy at achievement, he cannot contain himself and ruts into Will with animalistic urgency.

“I’m here with you Will, I’m here- you are breathtaking, such a good boy-“ Will’s grip on his shoulders turns painful and Hannibal hisses his pleasure.

“Ah- ah! Fuck- I-I’m-!” Will comes for the first time in his life untouched, his cock spraying his release across their stomachs in several thick ropes. Hannibal reaches down and strokes him through it, making him shudder and gasp and become so tight Hannibal has no choice but to crush their mouths together in a bruising kiss and give one final deep thrust before his orgasm hits and he is coming deep inside of Will.

The sensation of being filled makes him jolt and moan into their kiss, sucking on Hannibal’s tongue in such a lurid display, he would be embarrassed for weeks after.
They pant and shudder against one another, eyes opening to a mutual awe at their shared pleasure.

Hannibal gives him time to regain composure as much as possible before he pulls out, drawing a sweet whine from Will that will live in his mind for the next several years.
Will has tears in his eyes, but he looks clear headed for the first time since Hannibal picked him up from quantico.

“You did so well Will,” Hannibal strokes his face, murmuring to him and hoping that his ministrations wouldn’t be ill-received now that he had achieved orgasm.
But to his delight Will gives him an exhausted smile and lets out a breathy laugh.

“Huh, um, yeah. Thank you, Hannibal,”

“It was my pleasure,” They both share a sly look and Hannibal moves to sit beside him, Will remaining boneless beside him. Hannibal’s pride is all but purring at the blissed out and well-fucked look on Will’s face.

“Are the effects subsiding then?” Hannibal asks, and again Will laughs.

“We’ll see I guess,” he is finally able to rise up on his elbows, taking in his messed state. “Could I uh, use your bathroom? I’m a little…” he gestured at his torso, absolutely covered in his own come. If Hannibal had it his way he would flip Will over and eat him out before fucking him back to tears. Will looked radiant like this, more relaxed than he’d ever been.

“Of course. First door outside of the bedroom. Feel free to shower if you’d like, towels are in the linen closet,” He says.

Will nods and does his best to get up on his shaky legs. The sensation of Hannibal’s release leaking from him has his face turning bright red and Hannibal grins as his back is turned. While Will is cleaning himself up Hannibal does the same in the downstairs bathroom before changing into some lounge clothes and remaking the bed. He’s just about finished by the time Will emerges wearing a towel slung low on his hips. Despite the activities they just engaged in, it feels so intimate to see him like this.

“How are you feeling?” Hannibal asks, half hoping to hear his libido was still overactive and he was ready for round two.

However it appeared that Will was feeling more like himself and he just busied himself with picking his clothes up from the floor.
“Much better, aside from a sore ass,”

“And that you have to owe to your own impatience,” The casual nature of their conversation was a relief to both men. It wasn’t teasing or awkward, just familiar in a way they had become accustomed.

“Well, either way- thanks again. It was uh, it was good,”

“I’m glad. I would say any time, but I cannot imagine you’ll be inhaling another mysterious aphrodisiac anytime soon,” Hannibal says, silently mourning. “And I’d like to apologize for what happened as well. I will be calling the client who gave that forsaken box to me, and as soon as I know what exactly it was I’ll be reporting him to the police,”
Will nodded, unsure of how to feel.

“Thanks. All things considered, it could have ended up much worse. What if that had been meant to kill you instead of just get you wildly horny?” They both chuckle.

“I suppose you are right. And Will, I’d like it very much if you stayed here tonight, just in case any more adverse side effects make an appearance,” Hannibal walks up to him with a set of his sleep clothes.

Will flushes a lovely shade of pink, and takes a beat to think it over. Considering the fact that Hannibal drove them there, and he had already done so much for him that night, it would only be right to agree.

“Okay, sure. Thanks,”

“And I do mean to stay here. With me. I’d like to keep an eye on you tonight,” he gestures to his bed. “

“You sure? I could take the couch, or uh the floor if you have a spare blanket?” Will suggests, and Hannibal shakes his head immediately. He would never dream of letting Will sleep on the floor.
“It would give me a great deal of reassurance if I could reach you should something happen,” he says truthfully.

Will knows he has no real reason to decline. They had just fucked like rabbits, now wasn’t the time to act like a blushing virgin.

“Okay, yeah I’ll stay. But I’m pretty beat, do you mind if I head to bed?”

“Of course not, I’ll be right behind you,” Hannibal leaves for a moment to brush his teeth and retrieve a glass of water for Will, returning to a scene from his most innocent fantasies. Will Graham, snuggled up under his blankets, looking exhausted and satisfied.

He joins Will in the bed, taking a book from his nightstand and flipping open to his marked page, the usual nightly routine. Will wondered how he could be so calm after everything that’s happened. Hannibal’s composure was truly frightening.

“This has got to be the most comfortable bed I’ve ever been in,” Will sighs, relishing it. His dog-hair covered quilts at home were a far cry from this luxury.

“I’m glad. Please enjoy them, perhaps I’ll get you a set of these sheets if you like them so much,” he proposes. Will blushes, not sure how to react to that.

He considers the way Hannibal had treated him throughout their night. The pet names, the lavish attention, and even the romantic dinner. It sure felt as if Hannibal’s feelings were less than platonic. How long had he felt this way?

Will’s mind flashes back to their coupling, how Hannibal had said he’d been long dreaming of it. It was a conversation for another day perhaps, something for Will to reflect on. He could tell Hannibal wouldn’t make any change to their relationship unless prompted, a perfect example of self control and reservation that Will was grateful for.

Hanging onto his last dregs of boldness for the night, Will moves to sit up and inch closer to Hannibal, who regards him with an amused look.

“Hey, I really am grateful for everything you’ve done, I hope you know that,” he says. Hannibal tilts his head, a genuine smile growing on his lips. “There’s no one else I’d rather have gone through that with,” and he finds that he means it.

Hannibal finds his eyes and says simply.

“It was my pleasure, Will,”

Much more gently than Will had been all night, he leans forward to give Hannibal an achingly soft and chaste kiss. The other man is stone still, enraptured by the gift he had been given.
After that, Will withdraws with a flushed face and turns right back over to feign himself to

sleep. Hannibal stays still for minutes, memorizing the taste of him on his mouth.
Then after he decides the book hold no longer holds any interest for him, Hannibal puts it away and turns out the light, joining Will in sleep.

Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

A post credit scene for y'all

Although he was undoubtedly a creature of the night, Hannibal couldn't help but think that mornings were going to be his new favorite time of day if they all started like this.
Will slept soundly just beside him, limbs splayed out in a way that betrayed just how comfortable he really was around Hannibal. For someone who rarely could get a good night's sleep he was certainly making the most of his comfort. Will's mouth was slack, snoring softly, hair rumpled against the goose down pillows. And as much as Hannibal loathed to wake him, he knew Will would be grumpy if he slept the day away.

Reaching over gently, Hannibal brushed his thumb along the soft skin of his cheek, marveling at their proximity. Oh the wonderful, terrible things he had longed to do to that skin, the marks he once wished to leave. But for the first time in recent memory, Hannibal felt a surge of protectiveness wash over him.

It was different from the usual clawing ownership he felt over his dear Will. He puzzled over the feeling briefly, wondering if a single night together was truly all it took to soften him up. But his musing was interrupted as Will began to stir, face scrunching up as he became aware of the light in the room. He leaned into the touch, nuzzling his stubble into the palm of Hannibal's hand before blinking his eyes open and finding the doctor lying across from him.

They watched each other quietly, Hannibal's thumb giving the occasional stroke over his cheekbone. Will's face gained color and his eyes twitched down to Hannibal's lips. The older man smiled at that, and Will smiled back sheepishly, embarrassed at being caught.

"Good Morning, Doctor Lecter," Will says, then breaks their contact, clearing his throat. If Hannibal could have saved that sound to memory he surely would have. The early morning rasp in his voice was undeniably attractive.

"Good Morning, Will. Sleep well?" He asks.

"Yeah, like a baby," He confirms, and yawns into his hand. Will leans back into the pillows and sighs, unable to recall the last time he slept so soundly.

Neither man makes a move to get up, but Hannibal's eyes never waver from his bedfellow. Will notices him staring and nudges him with his foot under the covers.

"What?" He asks, rolling over onto his stomach and bringing them much closer.

“Not fond of eye contact are you?” Hannibal says, and to his delight Will grins into the pillows.

Will was uncharacteristically soft in the morning, Hannibal noted.

The desire he felt wash over him with that knowledge must have been sensed by the empath, who peeked at him and gave another appraising look.

Will once again grappled with the two warring sides of himself, knowing that if he didn’t end this breach into new territory with Hannibal, there was no going back.

But as he’s one to do, Hannibal couldn’t help himself from giving Will that little push towards taking what he truly desires. He reached his hand out slowly once more, this time letting his knuckles graze the skin just below his cheekbone before running his index finger along Will’s soft pink lips.

Will shuddered at the intent behind his soft touch, and locked eyes with him from under his dark eyelashes. He opened his mouth just enough to let his tongue dart out to lick along Hannibal’s finger, taking its tip fully in his mouth and softly sucking on it. Hannibal nearly growled at the sight.

In a blur they were on each other once more, devouring kisses and grasping hands reaching for every available inch of skin. Hannibal removed the sleep shirt from Will and latched onto the tender flesh of his neck, retracing the bites he had left the previous night.

Will keened, breath coming out in gasps. He craned his neck back to give Hannibal more access, which he took greedily. Those dangerously skilled hands found his ass and grabbed at it, pulling Will flush to his body in one movement.

Not one to be outdone, and eager to repay Hannibal for the pleasure from the night before, Will twisted them so he could straddle Hannibal’s hips from above. He rocked his groin against Hannibal’s already noticeable erection, pulling a gasping moan from him.

Those guiding hands came down on his hips and assisted in finding the perfect rhythm for them to grind against one another.

“Ah- yeah just like that,” Will panted out. He placed his hands on top of Hannibal’s as they rocked together, letting his strong thighs do all the work.

Their mutual pleasure rose, and Hannibal gained a pretty blush across his cheeks as he watched Will above him.

“Darling, please,” He all but whined, asking for more. Will smiled down at him, enjoying the control. A wet spot had formed on Hannibal’s sleep pants, and while Will wasn’t any better off, a thrill shot through him at the sight.

“Darlin’ huh?” He repeats, moving off of Hannibal just long enough to divest the remainder of his clothes. Hannibal goes to sit up and draw Will close again, but is stopped by a hand on his chest, pressing him back into the mattress.

“It’s my turn doctor,” He said, and Hannibal audibly swallowed at those words. “Do you have the uh-” He can’t bring himself to say it, but Hannibal understands and quickly retrieves the lubricant from the bedside table.

“Will, are you sure? I don’t want to hurt you,” He says with concern, but Will greedily took the bottle and wasted no time slicking up Hannibal’s cock.

“I’ll stop if it’s too much,” He promised, taking a moment to press slick fingers inside himself at a fevered pace. It was nothing like Hannibal’s acute ministrations from the night before, this was simply a means to an end, but watching Will hastily finger himself open had Hannibal’s cock twitching in anticipation.

Once he deems himself ready enough, Will slung his leg over Hannibal's lap once more, leaning down to bestow a brutal kiss to the man’s lips. They got lost in the kiss, languishing in the slide of their tongues against one another.

Drawing back, Will pressed his forehead to Hannibal’s, and offered a pleased smile.

Then he reached between them to line himself up above Hannibal's cock.

Feeling the blunt head press against him had goosebumps surfacing all over his body, and Will shudders. He experimentally teased the head against his sensitive entrance, watching Hannibal’s expression change from patient to desperate with every passing second.

“Please,” He murmured, and Will’s pride soars. Reducing the great Hannibal Lecter to asking nicely? He had half a mind to continue his teasing, to see just how desperate he would get, but instead he acquiesced. Will lowered himself down slowly, and made a noise of surprise when Hannibal’s tip pushed through the ring of muscle. It still burned, more than the night before, but Will didn't pull back. Hannibal let out a sound almost like a whine and his hands reappeared on Will’s hips with a bruising grip.

Will took a breath and lowered himself further, unused to the intrusion but determined to continue.

“Will-” Hannibal choked on his name, obviously struggling to restrain himself from moving.

“I-It’s- fuck,” Will said eloquently, busying his own hands with stroking down Hannibal’s chest. It was a lot more than he had been expecting, his body shook at the new sensation. Hannibal took his own steadying breath and began petting Will's thighs.

“Breathe, Will. Look at me,” He murmurs, and Will obeyed him. It was breathtaking to see Hannibal in this state. Hair mussed up, lips parted, and eyes dark. He looked like he wanted to devour Will whole, and honor every part of him.

Will relaxed, finding Hannibal’s hands and interlacing their fingers. He breathed, recalling how well Hannibal had fucked him the night before and assured himself the pleasure would come soon.
The pair groaned in unison as Will sat fully on his cock, feeling so very full of him.

Hannibal said his name with a rasp, calling Will out of his head before he could dissociate. It was intoxicating, the sensation of taking. Will felt the accomplishment burn through his veins and settle in his head, making him feel hazy.

“I’m here,” He nearly slurred the words, giving an experimental rock of his hips. The pain had dulled, replaced by a desire to please Hannibal and himself in turn.

Will raised up and sank back down an inch or so, trying to get a feel for the motion. He thought distantly that it looked easier when girls did it in porn, before trying again.

Hannibal gasped, and with every noise Will pulled from him he gained confidence, canting his hips as he began to build a rhythm to his movement.

Will leaned forward and raised himself almost all the way off of Hannibal, before sinking back down in one long movement.

“That’s it,” Will said into the air, and let his eyes slide close. He began to ride him in earnest, hands stationed on Hannibal’s chest as he bounced and ground his hips.

“Oh Will,” Hannibal looked so helpless beneath him, and the young profiler got drunk on it. “Will, you feel incredible,” He says. They luxuriated in the sensation of being connected, and Will rode him slowly and easily, taking his time in learning what makes Hannibal’s toes curl.

This continued until Will was panting and his thighs began to shake. Unable to resist, Hannibal rutted his hips up to meet Will, and his eyes flew open at the sudden sensation. “Ah!” He cries, and Hannibal cannot reserve himself any longer. He snapped his hips up from below and fucks into Will. “Hannibal!”

While it had been satisfying to ride him, it was all the more addicting to experience Hannibal taking what he wanted from Will. He fell forward and crushed their mouths together, and before he knew it Hannibal rolled them over so he was on top, kissing him through it.

“You were wonderful, my dear boy,” He pulled out and repositioned them so Will had a pillow under his hips and a leg thrown up over his shoulder. His hole was already looking pink and well fucked from his efforts, and Hannibal nearly growled his desire at seeing it before sinking back inside.

“Ah!” Again Will cries out, and he throws an arm over his eyes, overwhelmed. Hannibal immediately thrusts in to the base, so their bodies are flush, and starts hammering away, confident his Will could take it.

With practiced movements, Hannibal was able to brush against Will’s prostate with every thrust, bringing him back to full hardness with ease. Will whined and gasped and bit his lip, letting Hannibal go as hard and fast as he wanted, taking everything he had to give.

“Ohh yeah, yeah, yeah- Oh more- Hannibal just like that, fuck it’s so much,” He babbles. Hannibal again gives a harsh thrust forward and Will shouts.

Of course Will was vocal, he had expected, and hoped as much. When he wasn't demanding more he was gasping and whining and panting his need just for Hannibal. So greedy in his pleasure, he would have to teach the boy patience one day.

"Right there, oh-" Will went to reach for his cock, now painfully hard and leaking against his stomach, but Hannibal knocked his hand away, letting Will's ankle fall from his shoulder. He pressed forward, wrapping Will's legs around him and kissing him possessively.

"Only me," He growls, and begins stroking him in time with the thrusts.

Will's mind was clear of thoughts, filled only with the sensation of Hannibal moving inside him. He was so close, he felt oversensitive and raw and drunk on the way Hannibal grunted with each thrust, the power behind his movements.

Hannibal scraped his teeth along Will's throat and at the juncture of his shoulder and neck he bit down hard enough to leave a mark. The knowledge he had been claimed in every way possible had him moaning Hannibal's name, and he knew it was too late.

"I'm- I'm coming!" He shouts, almost surprised himself. He gasps and gasps and writhes beneath Hannibal, who strokes Will through it, whispering lovely things into his ear. His powerful orgasm pulls Hannibal over the edge as well, and he buries his cock fully inside of Will to empty himself.

They find each other for a kiss, both of their chests heaving with exertion.

"Oh Will," He kisses his cheeks and forehead in quick succession. Will whimpers, a sound he didn't know he could make, and tries to keep his eyes from closing with the overstimulation. Hannibal strokes his hair until Will is lucid enough to meet his eyes.

"Are you alright Will?" He asks, and Will nods, growing a smile at the concern. Hannibal gives him one last kiss on the temple before pulling out of him. They both give a sharp inhale at the loss, but it's forgiven as Hannibal spoons up behind Will and continues his attention.

"You're a terror," Will laughs as Hannibal kisses his shoulder.

"It's difficult to restrain myself, I apologize," He says unapologetically. "When presented with a feast it is only right to eat your fill,"
"Gluttony is a sin Doctor Lecter," Will reminds, finally feeling like his soul has returned to his body.

"So is lust," He counters.

"As is pride,"

They kiss slowly until the discomfort of drying semen and sweat becomes too much, forcing Will from his arms.
Hannibal watches him walk to the master bath, letting out a sigh of contentment.

While in the bathroom, Will catches sight of himself in the mirror. A deeply angry mark adorned his neck, blood vessels that had burst in a perfect copy of Hannibal's bite. He ran his

fingers over it and hissed at the tender sensation.

Will used the shower quickly, enjoying the selection of products Hannibal owned much more than his single bar of 3-in-1 soap. He distantly hoped he would see the inside of this shower again.
He was ready to drop back into bed by the time he was out. Will wasn't used to feeling so completely wrung out after sex. It was bone chilling satisfaction that could easily develop an addiction for.

His hips and thighs were weak, tired and well used. It brought a pleasant calmness to his usually buzzing mind.

When he exited the bathroom, Hannibal was gone from the bed, giving him a few moments alone to redress. His shirt was ruined, Hannibal tore it clean off of him in their excitement. The memory of that has Will blushing and cursing them both for the lack of foresight.

"Ah, I apologize for your shirt," Hannibal says rentering the room in his own towel. "I'll see what I have for you to wear,"

"S'alright, it was old anyways." He says, and busies himself picking the buttons up off of the carpet.

Hannibal presents him with a sweater, and takes the buttons from his hand.

"Do you have class today?" He asked casually as Will pulled on the garment. Hannibal rakes his eyes over him, thoroughly enjoying the sight of him in his clothes.

"Yeah, but just one lecture. I'll probably just head home after that,"

"And you're feeling alright? No more lingering side effects?" Hannibal asks, an eyebrow quirked.

Will laughs softly, finding his insecurity quite transparent and very endearing.

"No more side effects. That was all me," he admits. Hannibal smiles.

"Good,"
-
The ride back to the quantico parking lot was quieter than their usual drives, but not uncomfortable. It was hard to find discomfort in something so mutually beneficial.
"Sorry to make you come back all this way," Will says as they pull up next to his car.

"Nonsense, my office isn't far from here," He replies, and it was true.

"Still, I appreciate it. Everything,"

They caught one another's eyes, and Will gave a lopsided smile.

"Maybe we could… do it again some time?" Will proposes, knowing Hannibal would never violate their friendship by asking outright. But he needed to know that it wasn't as one-sided

as he might have believed.

“Some time later today perhaps?” He says back, unused to the way his heart picks up its pace.

“Definitely,” Will said, and leaned across the center console to give Hannibal a short kiss.

Impossible to be satisfied with just one, Hannibal pulls him back for another, and another, and before long Will is nearly crawling into his lap. But Hannibal manages to pull back, eyeing him hungrily.

“Definitely,” Will repeats, panting.

–

Franklyn enters his apartment building with a sigh. The doorman smiles politely but doesn’t ask, knowing full well that Franklyn would stand there and cry to him for the next hour if he asked.
Another dead end networking event. Did he come on too strong? Was he not funny enough? Franklyn didn’t know why it was so hard for him to meet new people.

“Ahm, Mister Frodo-vo?” The woman at the front desk called for him.

“It’s Froideveaux,” He grunted, walking over to her. She held out a sealed envelope to him.

“This was dropped off for you,”

The stationary was gorgeous and heavy.

“Who dropped it off?” He asked.

“I dunno, the mailman?” She shrugs, and goes to sit back down.

Franklyn rolls his eyes but opens the letter, his mood lifting. Someone sent him a letter? Maybe his luck was changing. Inside, a beautiful calligraphy greeted him.

//Franklyn,

I would firstly like to apologize for my temper the night of your last therapy session. As your psychiatrist I cannot accept tokens of appreciation from my clients such as the one you thoughtfully left for me; however I want to assure you that your gift was well received by my good friend to whom I regifted it.

Secondly I am including in this letter the contact of a very good colleague of mine who will be able to resume sessions with you in lieu of myself. I’m sure you can understand why this is necessary. It is not uncommon to develop a fixation with your psychiatrist, but due to this development any attempts at improvement would be tainted. Do not attempt to contact me any further, I can professionally say it would not be good for your health to do so.

Sincerely,
Hannibal Lecter //

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